
The Liberal

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Preston Bradley Editor
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THE TENNESSEE TANTRUM

BY THE time you read these words the first battle in Tennessee will probably be over and won—by the anti-evolutionists. Perhaps the word “battle” is somewhat too significant for the situation. “Skirmish may more adequately describe the affair. The glowing gloating verbiage that will flow copiously from our “anti-evolution” friends will be heard in a thousand pulpits. With their characteristic zeal they will mistake the winning of the skirmish for the winning of the war. The Tennessee tantrum is only the beginning of the war and which ever way it goes, there will be a much travelled legal highway to travel which winds over the Tennessee hills and the Alleghenies to the Valley of the Potomac. At the end of the road is the Supreme Court of the United States. The speculation is not at all disturbing to the liberals when one thinks of the possibility of men like Brandeis, Holmes, or Taft writing the opinion.

What is the real issue and what is its most vital significance? Tennessee makes a law that reads as follows:

Section 1. “Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee that it shall be unlawful for any teacher in any of the universities, normals, and all other public schools of the state, which are supported in whole or in part, by the public school funds, to teach any theory that denies the story of the Divine Creation of man as taught in the Bible and to teach instead, that man descended from a lower order of animals.”

Section 2. “Be it further enacted that any teacher found guilty of a violation of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction, shall be fined not less than \$100 nor more than \$500 for each offense.”

Section 3. “Be it further enacted that this act take effect from and on after its passage, the public welfare requiring it.”

This is the entire law. This is what it is all about. It resolves to the simple proposition of a state legislature constituting itself a judge as to the falsity of evolution. Because evolution is untrue the legislature makes teaching it an offense. They believe the account recorded in Genesis was the process of creation. The reason for the rapidity of the law being operative after its passage is evident by the closing phrase of the law—“the public welfare requiring it.” We discern at once that the moral conditions in Tennessee are involved. The legislature itself plainly designates that. Things are not what they ought to be and teaching evolution is the reason. Thus the issue not only becomes one of scientific truth or falsity as regards to creation of man, but also encompasses his moral being as well. Obviously then the issue, aside from its legal and constitutional aspects, is whether the acceptance of the evolutionary position prepares humanity for moral retrogression. There are several assumptions which arise from this situation which are most interesting. If the evolutionary process is true and moral abandonment follows in its wake, the future will bring the greatest tragedy of history,

If the evolutionary viewpoint is correct and moral chaos follows, but it is preventable by a belief in the Bible account of creation, then ought truth to be suppressed while a falsehood is emphasized for moral advancement. One might continue conjecturing until complications prevented clarity. Is the problem after all moral as well as intellectual? Mr. Bryan believed it so. In this particular I think he was correct. Mr. Bryan related the moral delinquency of the age with a diminishing belief in the Bible as the inspired and infallible word of God. Holding such a theory he was thoroughly consistent with his attack upon evolution and his attitude in the Tennessee situation. The legal aspects of the matter was an entirely different angle and of secondary concern. The primary matter is whether or not evolution is true. The legal procedure at Dayton cannot determine that nor any legislative body. They can only affirm or deny the work of the scientists. If the higher courts find that the law is unconstitutional, it will be upon its violation of some constitutional guarantee and not upon its religious or scientific accuracy. What happened at Dayton will have little influence upon either science or religion. Neither depend for their perpetuity upon such a program. Some other states have such a law and fourteen others are soon to face such a legislative program. Logically what happened at Dayton has an indicative value. Mr. Bryan's main point seemed to be that the authority of what shall be taught in tax-supported schools rests with the people through their duly elected representatives. Well enough, but on this particular subject where is there any uniformity as to what the truth is? The principle may be sound but in this instance it lacks specific mandate from a united populace. Is truth or fact a debatable matter for majority votes to decide? Is there one brand of Methodist algebra and another wearing a Baptist label? What has truth to do with majorities or minorities? The various and diverse approaches to Christianity itself is evidence of the uncertainty of successful final findings. All religious history is an attestation of the evolving nature of the struggle for knowing truth when it is encountered. A man interested in southern education visited some of the school officials in the mountain districts. He asked one of the school officials what they taught about the shape of the earth. "Well," he said, "there's a difference of opinion in the districts. In some districts they like it flat and in others they like it round. Where they like it round we teach it round, and where they like it flat we teach it flat." Mr. Bryan admittedly thought that what the people want taught decides the matter.

Neither science nor religion have anything to fear from each other. The question is a moral issue, but merely accepting the Genesis account does not necessarily make or mar a person's moral perceptions. The virtues of life still remain. Practiced they bring spiritual beauty—denied they sting with death and defeat. This is a law governed and a moral governed universe. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" is a scientific formula. One need not believe that because it is in the Bible, one need only verify it in life. Merely believing this or that about a book is not the vital thing. Things are not true because they are in the Bible. But things that are true in the Bible are there because they are true. In the meantime, while all this sparring with phrases and words was going on in Dayton a weariness of heart was evidenced by the world outside. A religion which needs to be coddled and protected by legislature is a sick religion. The very nature of its protection destroys the need of protective vitality. It is a hothouse brand. The florist's rose is beautiful but it has no resistance. I would rather see an unpretentious wild rose growing by a wayside on a June morning than see garlands of American

Beauty Roses in the florist's window as I hurry down the street in February. Goethe died like a brave soul, his lips framing the throbbing restlessness of a mind unafraid. "Let us have more light" he said and went out—in the light. "Let us have more light" ought to be the motto on the banner of religion as it is on the emblems of science. There is nothing to be afraid of. It is fallacy to think that an infallible book might mean an infallible world. All fundamentalists are not saints and not all modernists show horn tissue. Be assured, gentlemen of the controversy, that truth is never defeated. She may lose a battle now and then but she will never lose the war. Jails, fines, crosses, cells, racks, banishment, starvation, intimidation, lying and that have all been repeatedly used as weapons against her. She survives them all. "Let us have more light" from both the scientists and the theologians. As the light brightens our way I wonder if we will not stop fighting each other as we go stumbling along—in the dark.

BREAKING OF GROUND SERVICE

Members and friends of the Peoples Church will long remember Sunday morning, June 14, 1925, when after pronouncing the benediction Dr. Bradley stepped down from the pulpit, Mr. C. K. Anderson, President of the Board of Trustees, beside him, the American Flag carried ahead, they marched up the aisle, followed by the Trustees and the Choir and then the congregation. They marched to Lawrence Avenue where a platform had been built on the site of our new Temple. The trustees, the robed Choir and representatives of all the church activities mounted the platform with Dr. Bradley in front of them. Hundreds of people crowded the lot and the street. The Choir sang "The King of Love My Shepherd Is."

At the close of the program which followed Dr. Bradley came down from the platform and taking the shovel handed him by Mr. J. E. O. Pridmore, the architect, he turned the first earth for the Church building. It was a thrilling moment to those friends standing in the brilliant sunshine, with the vast blue sky-dome above, watching the proceeding. For years they have hoped and worked and loyally waited for this day. The following program was given:

MR. C. K. ANDERSON, President Board of Trustees—We will now hear from our Church Choir.

THE PEOPLES'S CHURCH CHOIR—Anthem: "The King of Love My Shepherd Is."

MR. C. K. ANDERSON—It will be needless for me to introduce to your our next speaker. You all know who he is. I think this is one of proudest moments in Dr. Bradley's life, and I am sure his friends join him in this moment of happiness. We are happy and proud to be here.

I now take great pleasure in introducing to you DOCTOR BRADLEY. (Applause.)

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY—I am going to read as my first utterances upon what I think will become to all of us almost sacred soil two or three passages from the Book of Zechariah and Haggai. (Reading followed.)

Let us all bow in prayer:

Infinite Spirit of Love and of Life, in the beauty of the out-of-doors reflecting the glory of Thy love in our hearts upon this which is to be the abiding place of the temple for our church home, we dedicate this spot, we re-dedicate our hearts, we consecrate our lives to the great task which is before us in the years that are to come.

We are grateful to Thee, O Spirit of Truth, for the loyalty and the love and the friendship of these dear friends all during these past

years; we are glad for their support and glad for their encouragement; and now may each of us out of the beauty of this service together—our farewell meeting for the year—take heart and courage. Infinitely enrich this People's Church. May it stand as a House of Prayer for all peoples and for all nations. May we have malice toward none. May we have charity for all. And as it rises stone upon stone may it become a power in the city of Chicago for Liberty and Truth, for Freedom of Religion and Religious Thought, and to all that makes up the high character and the noble splendor of lofty living.

Bless us all, and may our deeds this moment be written in that great Book of Life where all men of all faiths and of all nations shall have the privilege of reading.

All of this we ask in the Spirit of Truth and Love and Life
Amen.

DR. BRADLEY.

My dear friends, it would be quite impossible to adequately express to you just what I feel at this moment.

On an occasion as auspicious as this, where there are grouped around this property our hundreds and hundreds of friends and members of our church, I cannot help but look back across the years and see the humble beginning of things, when we were a little group of eighty-six people and were struggling and worrying and trying to make things go.

Well, it has been your loyalty, it has been your encouragement, it has been your fidelity in times that were freighted with darkness and discouragement that has sustained and encouraged us.

It is not a common thing in the history of church building for a Liberal Church to do what we are doing.

We are not a part of the orthodox church world. We have no access to the millions of dollars in the treasuries of other churches. We have no missionary fund from which we can hope to gain help and encouragement.

This is an individual and a local task and we have to do it alone!

In a few moments I am going to turn over the first shovelful of dirt. The president of our Board of Trustees is going to do likewise. And tomorrow the actual work will begin upon this property.

We do not know when we can dedicate. We hope to be able to hold services in our own church on Easter Sunday.

But it is going to require much work and sacrifice before it will be possible for us to realize all of our dreams.

In my heart today are only words of gratitude and of love for what you have done so far. And as you watch this building grow during the summer and on into the winter I want you to realize that it is **your home**.

This is not a monument to me. I am not worthy of a monument. We are not building this around a personality. No man is worthy of that. We are trying to build an institution that will stand for Liberty and for Freedom of thought, without any coercion from any ecclesiastical source whatsoever.

All are welcome to this Church. We make no creedal tests. We erect no limitations. And we are going to do something unique in the history of liberalism through out the world.

Our new building will seat approximately two thousand people. We will have here upon this spot rooms for all of our work. Our school for religious education will have a home. Downstairs we will have a smaller auditorium seating approximately five hundred people, with a perfectly appointed stage upon which may be given musicales, concerts and lectures and meetings of the church.

Now to you all I want to express again my gratitude, my love and my esteem for what you have done. We are going to have our own home!

Think of that! (Applause.)

And this is our first appearance upon this property which is yours! (Applause.)

See how rich you are! (Laughter.)

And think of all the giving that you are going to do, that you have not done yet! (Applause.)

That is going to be yours. (Continued applause.)

I have a wedding in a few minutes and I am to speak tonight at Barrington. You have been standing in this hot sun for a long time and I must hasten. I want to speak about Mr. Anderson. I want to single him out, and I want to do that for several reasons. The first is because of his loyalty and the interest that he has manifested in this church for the past several years. That is the biggest reason of all. Of course, there is another slight reason which is not of very much significance, but we do have to stop and remember that he did give us ten thousand dollars in money! (Applause). We do have to sort of remember that. (Continued applause.)

The biggest reason of all is his loyalty and his judgement and his interest in the church! (Applause.)

To the other members of the Board of Trustees and the Choir—both junior and senior—and the ushers and everybody. Everbody! All of you I want to thank.

You have only seen me when it has been fair sailing and a good wind. You have only seen me when the people have sat there and enjoyed the services and the sermon. You have only seen me under the most ideal of conditions. You have NOT seen me in the dark hours. You have not seen me in the hours of worry and the hours of struggle and the hours of anxiety; in the hours when I did not know whether this church would survive or not; in the hours when I was lonely and discouraged. You have not seen me then!

But there is a little woman upon this platform who did. And I want to say to you that SHE more than anything else, more than money, more than officials, helped in my pulpit on more than one Sunday morning when I had heard unkind and unlovely and critical things. She gave me hope and inspiration. God bless such women in the world as my wife! (Applause.)

And SHE is here today.

She is here today, and I want you to see Mother! (continued applause) because she is ninety per cent of this church to me! (Applause.)

Well, I don't know that there is anything more to say.

We might as well go to work. (Applause.)

It has been a wonderful day and a wonderful hour.

Now I come from an Irish ancestry. I have handled a pick, but I never handled a shovel! (Laughter.)

So I do not know just what kind of a performance I will make of this, but I do want you to know one more individual who is very vitally a part of this church and who will have the responsibility of seeing the thing through and turning it over to you as **your Home!** (Applause.)—our architect, Mr. J. E. O. Pridmore, who is here today, and I just want you to see him. He is good to look at (Applause) and he is quite a speaker. He is a great orator! But he has "a sore throat," he says, today. But Mr. Pridmore is now here and I am very glad to have you meet him.

MR. J. E. O. PRIDMORE—I am no speaker and it would be ridiculous for me to speak after this magnificent oration by Dr. Bradley. I

just came over to bring the spade and shovel so, Dr. Bradley could do what he has to do, but I do feel proud and think it a great privilege to be called upon to build this wonderful church for Dr. Bradley, an auditorium to house his magnificent eloquence. I feel it to be a wonderful privilege and I am going to do everything I can to make it a noble temple of religion, and as it grows along, possibly our friends in that respect may help Dr. Bradley in bringing in what is necessary for the building of it. (Applause.)

Mr. ANDERSON—Ladies and gentlemen: Dr. Bradley will now turn the first shovel of dirt.

(Ground broken by Dr. Bradley and Mr. Anderson.)

Mr. Lash, will you furnish another selection?

ANTHEM BY THE CHOIR.

BENEDICTION BY DR. BRADLEY.

"THE AREA OF LIFE"

A Sermon by Dr. Bradley, June 14, 1925—Closing Sermon for the Season.

We have come to that time of the year when from out of the colleges, universities and high schools of America there are pouring thousands and thousands of young people graduating into the deeper and higher responsibilities of life.

For many years I have used this time of the year as an occasion of speaking specifically to those who are being graduated from our educational institutions. Every year I have tried to say something which was practical and vital and consequential.

With a theme such as this there must always exist a certain duplication of thought and a certain repetition of ideas, and yet, at this year, which is particularly significant in the life of the world, I feel that its importance designates and establishes a special need this morning.

I used to think a great many years ago when I was a student in high school and in grammar school when I came to that most interesting period of American history known as our Revolutionary epoch that I would like to have lived then. When I read those great dramatic and intensely vital stories of heroism and of progress and studied those great personalities that have that element of genius for leadership I used to think I would like to have lived at that period of my country's development. What a wonderful period in which to have lived. But it was not to be.

Then I came through the years and read the history of the great Civil War period, where a family was having family trouble. There is no more tragic trouble in the world than family trouble! The Civil War was family trouble. I thought what a wonderful time it would have been to have lived in that great period of our Civil War where we possessed that genius of statesmanship that has rarely been excelled in the whole history of human government, on both sides. I thought what a great period it was in which to live. But it was not to be.

Then we came down to the Spanish War days. That is the first war I remember. The Spanish-American War! I was not big enough to be of very much consequence in that war one way or the other. But I do have some memories of that war, and I can still see those boys as they marched away from our little village over in Michigan, and we thought of them as going to war with that same degree of romance, I think, as many of our younger generation today looked as our boys went away in the World War, but I did not live at a time when I could comprehend its significance.

Then when the World War came on in the last decade of the evolution of humanity, in comparison to all other moments of human history, I lost all my desire and all my envy of having been born in any other period of human history. This is the best hour of the world. This is the greatest moment thus far in the history of humanity.

Today, pregnant with the possibilities of tomorrow, is the greatest today the world has ever known! To live in such an hour; to be a part of the great processes that are now at work in human society that are making for clarity in religion, for certainty in education, and for the highest expression of liberty in human government; to live at an age when the inventive genius of man is evidencing the sovereignty of the intellect in its conquest of the laws of matter; to live at a time when in the world of philosophy the mind of man has all the heritage of the past generations; all that the centuries of bygone days have poured into the century in which you and I live.

Phidias chiselled for this hour, Plato thought for this moment, Socrates thought for this epoch, Rembrandt painted for this moment, Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci lived for this moment; all the centuries that have been forgotten in the recorded annals of human history have accumulated all their offerings and poured them into this century. The whole of civilization has been the contributing force that has brought us to the mountain peak of this century.

To live at an age when all of the choicest fruits of human reason are at the command of the mentality of the race! To live at a moment when we are no longer frightened by your boggy stories of dead traditions and superstitions and fears! To live at an hour of emancipation where the mind is not fettered by the past, and where the soul is not tied to the anchorage of non-progression! To live at an age when unmolested and undisturbed we can think our way into the great uncharted and undeveloped and undiscovered mentality and potentiality of human thought! Beside this age what other age in history dare assert itself? There have been times when we have been excelled in philosophy; there have been moments when we have been excelled in productivity; there have been moments when we have been excelled in the mastery of some of the plastic and textile arts. So many of them are lost amongst the sands of Egypt and along forgotten rivers of China. But the thought which I would bring to your attention when I speak of the superlativeness of this hour is this: that all of these centuries through the medium of communication and the instrumentality of exchange have poured themselves, so that in an unprecedented way they are all at our disposal. That is the uniqueness of the age. We whisper our words and they encircle the globe. We press a button and we light a continent. We go around the world in a few hours. The world has been conquered. The frontier is no more. Man lives with an accumulation of unity as regards his whole being that he never had known before in the history of the human race.

Now, my friends, that being true, what has it done to us?

It has not depleted our problem. It has intensified it. With all of the achievements of the mind and all of the achievements of education and government our problem has not been simplified, but it has quite the contrary been intensified. And the complication of modern society, in our social relationships and in our political formations are such that never before in the history of the world has there been such a challenge against the individual as there is today.

One of the fundamental propositions of the whole Darwinian theory, as applied to the physical universe, is the theory of the survival of the fittest, and not the coddling of the weak and the immature. And the survival of the fittest in the law of nature. No observer of nature

but what can see it at work everywhere throughout the world of nature. Nature has no hospitals. Nature has no jails. The penalty of failure in nature is death! The penalty of failure in nature is annihilation. Nature does not coddle; nature does not pet; nature does not play favorites; nature buries her mistakes with oblivion. And the first law of nature is the law of the survival of only those who have WON a right to live! That is the law that prevails yonder (indicating).

So when we come to this great hour of human development, our opportunities have been increased, but our responsibilities have been intensified. For the more complex you find human society, the more complicated do you find the great challenge of life.

And so, today, the countless thousands who are pouring out of our colleges, our great universities and our high schools are facing a unique condition in human society, and because of its uniqueness there is a special appeal which a commencement speaker and every baccalaureate preacher ought to emphasize at this particular hour of history.

In the first place, it is an hour of investigation, an hour when every principle of religion, when every principle of education, when every principle of government is under the microscope. It is an age that lacks gullibility. It is an age that possesses the audacity of investigation. And I think that you will agree with me that one of the outstanding characteristics of our young people today is the fact that they are all, in the vernacular of the street, from "Missouri." Isn't that the attitude of our contemporary youth?

You know when some of us were much younger than we are today we used to swallow the hook, line, sinker and the bait can as well, and we entertained an idea toward life of a sort of blind "adventure of faith." But the characteristic of our young people today is not that. Our young people today are principally asking questions. And whenever anybody says to me that our young people are a "God-less lot" and don't care for church and are not interested in religion, I would like to take them to my study and show them a file filled with letters which have come to me during the past winter from young people of the city of Chicago and its environs who have written to me, as substantially evidencing a maturing of thought that even some of the elders would not be capable of evidencing in these matters of religion.

Does it follow that merely because we ask questions that we are irreligious? Does it follow that merely because we don't go to church and sit there with our eyes shut and our mouths open and say "I believe;" does it follow that we are irreligious because we do not believe everything the preachers tells us?

Have we no religion because we ask questions?

Is it a sin to want to know?

Well, now, there are some who might say that it is, but I say to you, and I think I judge fairly well the type of our youth, I say to you that the young people's outstanding characteristic of today is the characteristic inquiry. They want to know what it is all about. They ask questions. And that to me is a very hopeful moment, a very fine moment.

Why, haven't they a right to know?

Who has the authority to stop the tide of information? Who are the constituted groups that can form themselves into an authority and stop and hold back the waters of knowledge?

Why, Mr. Bryan and the fundamentalists might as well have tried to stop tomorrow morning's sun, as to stop the flow of truth.

The world is asking questions, and it has frightened ignorance into a panic! And ignorance has never trembled as it is trembling now. Superstition is doomed. Fear is doomed. People are beginning to

think that a part of their religion is trying to find a way out. There will be no way out except the way of Truth, and it requires an heroic attitude of mind and it requires a virility of heart to make this venture of Truth.

So the youths that are coming out of colleges and universities today are coming into a world of investigation. There is a scientific attitude of mind at work. And I am not afraid of the word "science," and I am not afraid of the scientific attitude of mind. I quite agree with Plato and I quite agree with some of the other philosophers that there are other ways of attesting Truth than merely through the scientific. There is a program applied upon a prior reasoning in life as well as upon opinion based on the laboratory method. I quite agree with that, but still we are not afraid of the scientific attitude of mind, and this scientific attitude of mind in its analysis is not concerning itself about theology at all. It is only interesting itself in a study and then an application of the laws of growth. That is what it is all about.

When we come to the moment in which we live, we find these young people of ours today coming into an age of investigation, an age of science, an age they need not be afraid of, an age that need not lack in moral and spiritual emphasis, an age that need not be an age of immorality or an age of abandonment of the finest ethics of life, an age that can be real golden in the highest sense of the world.

When I look at the classes, as I did this week, one hundred and sixty-six young people in one class, ninety-nine in the other, and tonight I address a class in Barrington and next week as I address several classes, there is not an occasion where I have to speak that does to me quite what meeting these young people standing upon the threshold of these contacts. I can see them with their dreams, I can see them with their ambitions, I can see them with their loyalties standing upon the threshold of life. I can see them with their heroes. Every one of them has a hero. Every one of them has someone that they point to and say, "There goes the kind of man," or "there goes the kind of woman that I would like to be."

Every young person is a hero-worshiper. And some of us are the living models for the inspiration to some of them, and that intensifies for us our responsibilities as citizens and as parents.

They all have their heroes and their heroines. When I come in contact with them, I would not miss it for anything in this world, to see their inspiration and their dreams, and their knowledge! How much they know!

Why, it is perfectly astounding how much a high-school graduate knows on the night he graduates! (Laughter).

I never knew as much in my life as I did the night I graduated from high school! And I think it is pretty much the same with them. They are always so dignified! So serious! New shoes, new neck-ties. Hair always combed properly. And if you could only hear, as we do, some of the discussions which they hold! My, what a serious moment it is and how much they know. If they only knew how much they didn't know! (Laughter.) They would know how much they really did know. (Laughter.) But somehow they never do that. They never do that.

Well, I can't come in contact with these young people at this time of the year without studying, as I always do, social conditions and watching what is taking place, but what I think of them with envy.

You know, I really envy the individual that is going to live the next fifty years.

I can't. My, when I add fifty on to what it is now. (Laughter.) I give it up entirely. I never can make it. Perhaps some of you can,

but I never can. But what a wonderful thing it will be to live in the next fifty years.

We are going to do more things and better things and bigger things and finer things than we have ever done in the past. Fifty years is going to be the incentive. Think of our graduates coming from our high schools today at eighteen or nineteen. Think of fifty years, and the part they are going to play in this workaday world!

We are going to do more things in science. We are going to have sense enough to stop our fighting about religion. Somebody is going to come along that will be another Martin Luther, and we are going to have a genius of religious leadership in the next fifty years that will cement and bind us together in one great Church of Love. There may not survive a single one of the orthodox churches, as such, but religion is going to have a metamorphosis, and we are going to have a revolution in religion, and we are going to have a great leadership! A great leadership!

Already upon the horizon of the next half century there stands a great figure. There stands that great New Yorker preacher, Harry Emerson Fosdick, who during this year is going to have built under the shadow of Columbia University, the greatest church temple in the world, and it will be the pulpit center of Liberalism for all the world, with the most powerful broadcasting station upon the New England coast. There will be the genius of a great leadership in religion.

It is going to come in education; it is going to come in government.

Why the next fifty years are going to be golden years. And the calamity howlers and those that have gotten vinegar in their blood (laughter) and those who cannot see anything but failure and crime and hatred and anger, why, the dam will burst and the water will flow, the water of progress. You won't even find them by the wayside. They will never show up. They will be missed along the way.

Now, who is going to make this? Why, these graduates going into the world today.

My friends, how can we have any hope for the future if we did not anchor to these young people?

I know they worry us. I know that a lot of people criticize them sometimes. I had a letter sent to me since we have had this choir—Mr. Lash—a letter sent to me by a woman. I can see that woman. I can describe her. I won't, but I could. She did not sign her name to the letter. But she wrote a letter and she said "I will never go to the People's Church again." And she went on a little bit more, and then she closed by saying: "Nobody can sing religion and wear bobbed hair." She said "I don't believe anybody can have any religion and wear bobbed hair." She said "I have been counting the bobbed hair girls in your choir, and I don't believe there is any religion in that choir."

Well, now, my friends, there are a lot of folks that take that attitude toward these youngsters of ours.

Bobbed hair!

Why, what is finer in the world than to see a girl in the freedom of this hour with her hair blowing in the breeze, in all the joyous beauty of the out-of-doors.

I would bob my hair if I was a grandmother! (Applause). And there is this much that you have to say for it. That it is all their own hair. And another thing you have to say for it is that it is sanitary.

And there you are.

Every little while someone will criticise our boys, our lads, and they will say: Just look at them. Look the way they wear their clothes. Just look at them." Look at their trousers! About that

long around the ankles, right straight, down about that long (illustrating).

A lad that I know pretty well came into my study a little while ago. He had hanging over his arm a pair of trousers that looked as I have described. I said "What are you doing to do with them?" He said "I am going to wear them." Between you and me I would not wear them to a fourth class canine encounter. It would have to be fourth class too. I would not wear them, but he straightened up and said "Well, I am going to wear them, you know." He said "They are collegiate!"

"Collegiate!" Look like a bag pinned on a bean pole, but they are "collegiate!"

Well, now, what did I say? Did I criticise and find fault and say "nobody has any business to wear a pair of trousers like that?" No. No. I remember another boy that was in college once, in a university, and when he was in the university it was the style to wear them about that big around (illustrating); they were about that big around the ankles, and we had to put them on with a shoe-horn. But they were thick, thick up around here (indicating). They called them "peg top trousers." Do any of you remember the "peg top trousers?"

How many of you men who are making fun of our youngsters today wore "peg top trousers?"

Why don't you go home some day, when you are criticizing our youth, and get out the family album, and give them a good laugh?

Why, have you forgotten that you ever were silly? (Laughter). When I was a boy in the university I was going to be "collegiate," and I was collegiate." I was a fine looking specimen, but I was collegiate! I wore "peg top" trousers!

And I say to you that that boy and every other boy in school or university has got a right to do the thing that they are all doing! They are only going this way once. For God's sake, they grow up fast enough. Let them have youth, the most precious thing in the world. Youth!

A lot of you folks that are all through, hobbling and toddling to your grave, you say "Well, they're not what they were when I was young." No, of course, they are not. And we are glad of it.

But, God bless them, they are going to live in a great hour of history. It is going to be an hour in history when a trained brain will be in demand.

Young graduates, let me tell you this: The next fifty years is going to demand, as never before, brains, but they must be trained brains. The world is going to pay more for brains than it has ever paid before, but they have to be trained brains; they must be brains that have gone through the discipline of study; they must be brains that have wrestled with the problems of education; they must be brains in a body that is forfeited for leadership, a body that is clean and strong, a body with pure blood, uncontaminated with the stench and stain of life.

The leadership of these next fifty years is going to be a lofty leadership; is going to be a magnificent leadership; is going to be a leadership such as the world has never seen.

And who are going to be these leaders?

Why, it is going to be our young people of today, the folks that are standing on the threshold of education.

Competition will be so keen that no man and no woman can afford to dissipate or lose one ounce of their energy.

It is going to be an era of the survival of the fittest.

Those who have a right to live are those who are going to win in this leadership of the future.

And if I could say one thing today that would touch the youth of the Mississippi Valley, the hundreds who are in this church this morning, the thousands who are listening in the air, if I could say one thing that fifty years from now someone could look back across the years and go back to this service and say "I received my inspiration for the superlative thing in that service of the People's Church," I should be happy with the happiness that would eclipse all the cheap and shoddy pleasure of "golden streets" or "angel's wings." I could die and know that death was oblivion, if I thought we had helped someone in the world of the world.

Youth! Youth, with no yesterday, only a tomorrow. Youth, with a white page. Youth, with a work to do. Youth, how I envy you.

Don't fail us. Take up the work where we have laid it down. To you we must come for our sermons, our books, our pictures, our music. You must turn the wheels of industry. You must till the field scientifically. You must make the world tomorrow.

We have not done very well by you, but we have done the best we could, and we want you to carry on,

You graduates, carry on. Don't stop with your high schools. Go into a university or college. Get ready for your job. It is going to require trained brains for your job to do your work well.

I started my ministry over twenty years ago in three little churches twenty-six miles east of Alpena in Michigan, where I drove an old stage from Alpena to my little church. I drove forty-two miles every Sunday, riding horse-back most of the time, to preach in three little log churches, and if I had seven or eight people in the church I thought I had a crowd. I did it for thirty dollars a month.

Now, that was not much of a salary, but I was not much of a preacher! It was all I was worth.

But all the time up there driving through those pine forests of my native State of Michigan I would dream. Dr. Gunsaulus was my idol then. And on two different occasions I came all the way to the city of Chicago, just to go to the Auditorium and to sit yonder in that seat and see and hear Dr. Gunsaulus walk upon that stage of that great magnificent Central Church which in those days was filled to overflowing, while that man who was six feet tall, black hair, and a voice that now is stilled, but will be music in heaven, talked. He was my idol. And I went back to my little log churches in upper Michigan, and said, "I will try to become a great preacher and I will work hard and wait and work and wait and work and wait." And it seems to me that it was going to be nothing but work and waiting. And then the time came the years came and the circumstances came, and the whole thing developed, and I came to this church, and we worked and started together thirteen years ago. And it seems to me that I can look back across the years into the great and beautiful soul that is slumbering at this moment in Forest Home Cemetery. I go to his grave every time I have a funeral in that cemetery, and I linger besides Dr. Gunsaulus' tomb.

I want to inspire some person today as I was inspired, to go out into life, to work and to make a victory of it, and then I want you to look back to this day, the singers of this People's Church, these hours of preaching from this pulpit. We don't know what the future has for any of us, but in the future that is to come I want you to look back at this service, and I will tell you, my friends, it is worth every dollar you have given, it is worth every sacrifice you have made, it is worth every effort that we have made to keep this Church alive, to keep it growing and expanding and developing.

You cannot estimate our influence. You do not know what souls have been touched. There is no way to estimate it all.

We are doing a great work, God's work. And it must go on and higher and even bigger and to better things.

I am going to close now, my welfare sermon of the year, with this beautiful poem which I used some years ago, but I am going to close with it again. To me that poem expresses everything I tried to say. The first time I heard it was at a graduating exercise, an address given at the Lake View High School, our old Lake View. There were hundreds of pupils in front of the speaker's platform, and when the exercises were all over, the best beloved principal that Chicago ever had in any school, Mr. B. F. Brown, who slipped away from us last August and is sleeping over in Graceland Cemetery, read this poem. His personality lives in the hearts of thousands of young people.

What is finer?

Oh, you men that are grasping and greedy for money; you folks that are trying to get rich and think that is all there is to it, what is finer than to have some young person somewhere love you; someone grow and develop and become fine because of you!

When I think of the influence of Mr. Brown over the youth of Chicago I take heart! There are graduates in this audience this morning who remember him.

When he came out on the platform that night he was already weary. The demands of the public had sapped his vitality. You do not realize what you do to your public servants. You think they ought to be on call every moment. You want to increase the pressure. You who have no creative work to do, you don't understand it. You cannot understand it.

And he crept down to the edge of the platform. He had given all of his vitality. In August they laid him away. He crept down to the edge of the platform, and this is what he said:

"Members of the class and friends: There is nothing left for me to say except good-bye."

And then he read this beautiful poem: :

"To every man there openeth a high-way and a low, and the high-soul takes the highway and the low souls take the low; and in between on the misty flats the rest move to and fro, but to everyone there openeth a high-way and a low, and every one decideth which way their soul shall go."

BOOK CHATS

I am writing this article in the late afternoon of a peaceful Sunday. I hope that the reader will not think I am failing to give due observance to the demands of the day. All day I have been a worshipper. The little island where I live in the summer has been my cathedral. It has been a day of unusual calm. The waters of the lake have been motionless, as though resting from the exertions of yesterday. The birds have been less active in their quest for food and have been contented to remain longer on the branches of pine, birch and balsam. However, they have been more joyful and musical. Before I began to write I saw several beautiful Cedar Waxwings in the Indian Pear tree just in front of my study window. A pine warbler and purple finch soon came to keep them company. A moment ago, while I was writing the last sentence, our friendly Phoebe lit in one of the lifeless branches of the Black Duck Pine and began the plaintive notes of her limited and only song. For three summers now she has had her nest under the dock and can scold most vociferously when we are swimming. When she has coaxed her young from the nest over the water and has them safely on dry land, she proceeds to her other home under the eaves of

Arden Lodge. Here she raises another brood. Each year she follows the same routine and uses the same nests. We love this family of Phoebe's and they are loyal members of our island family.

From every window in my study where I am writing I can see the beauties of the out-of-doors. Great moss-covered rocks from the windows at my right, a group of cedars and balsams, in relief against the blue of the water from the front windows and a century old pine, a cluster of birches and spruce, greet me if I look out of the windows at my left. Beauty everywhere! Yes, I have been a worshipper today and the object of my devotions knows not the grumblings and bickerings of men. What ecstasy takes possession of the soul when we worship at the untarnished altar of nature! The anxieties and perplexities of life seem to straighten out under the magic wand of perspective. Sometimes we had to get away from the usual activities of life to find out what it is all about. Nature stimulate introspection and retrospection. Both are necessary if we are to live life at its highest. As this is true of our individual development so is it true of our social life. The value of the past is its capacity of indicating a future. These are days when we are besieged on every side by the voices of many who are glibly telling us the answer to the riddle of history. There are many who are trying to convince us that they know the way. We must ever be watchful that we, being blind, are not led by the blind.

For a long time I have known of eight very remarkable books that philosophically treat of the past and hopefully indicate the future. We are obligated to that scholar-preacher, Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, of Central Church, Detroit, for the emphasis now being placed upon the value of these books in America. Dr. Hough has been an effective missionary for these books. He knows the worth of books and is a safe guide. How fortunate is a city with such a yonder-looking mind in the pulpit!

Detroit is the foremost city in America in pulpit excellence. Hough, Vance, Jones, Aitkins, Record and many others give the city unsurpassed religious leadership. But we are digressing. This article is supposed to be about books and for once I am going to try and stick to my text.

Dr. Hough first mentioned these books in a book review which he wrote for the Christian Century. In that article he spoke of them as "The Little University." This phrase more adequately characterized the books than any other. I am sure it is sufficiently stimulating to the student who is trying to think straight in this tremulous age that he or she will want to own them. They are not books to read once and pass on. They are books to be owned. I have had my set now for about two years and they are indispensable. They are written and edited by F. S. Marvin and are titled as follows: 'The Living Past,' 'A Century of Hope,' 'The Unity of History,' 'Progress and History,' 'Recent Developments in European Thought,' 'The Evolution of World Peace,' 'The Western Races and the World,' and 'Science and Civilization.' They are sold separately or in sets. The Christian Century Press, 440 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, have several sets and if you will write them they may be persuaded to part with a set. The books are truly 'The Little University.'

ANOTHER SUMMER

All these months we have dreamed about it—all through the winter we laid plan upon plan for the summer time, and when April came we began counting the days till we could start on the way that leads to Arden! When you return to a place you have long treasured in your thoughts, do you know the feeling of excitement and anticipation,

half fear, that when you are about to see it again you may find it is not as beautiful after all as your memory had painted it? At last the great moment arrived; our journey ended; we jumped from the boat onto our dock at Black Duck Island and after a few words of greeting with the kindly old man who is caretaker during the winter, we ran up the path to the house. There it was just as we had left it—everything in its place, so still, so clean, so tidy. There was a sort of much as though under a fairy spell it had slept the winter through, awaiting summer and us! Now that we were upon the doorstep the spell was broken—behold something was happening. The chairs stretched their arms, the great fire-place yawned, the pictures on the walls smiled, the lamps opened their eyes, all the cups and saucers and plates and pitchers in neat rows on the cupboard shelves grinned, the pans and kettles winked, the kitchen stove and tables almost started to dance, everything awakened instantly, we opened wide the French doors and windows, and there we all were laughing and exchanging greetings, almost in tears for pure joy! Stepping out upon the porch we breathed again the aromatic air—sweet with fir-tree incense—a breath of which we had longed for these many months. And oh! the trees had awakened too—they were nodding and waving their arms, beckoning us to come out, and out we ran to greet them all, to look up into their massive boughs, to listen again to their voices, and to tell them how glad we were to see them. The birds were singing in happy chorus, telling us they had returned too; the Phoebe's family quarters under the dock, their children of last year having set up housekeeping in a corner of the roof near our chimney; the Jenny Wren's, the good old neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Robin and family, quite a colony of Song Sparrows, whose special mission is to sing their joyful song in the rain even louder and sweeter than in sunshine. Many Warblers, Black and White, Pine, Myrtle, Yellow and others, Cedar Waxwings, the handsomest and most aristocratic bird folk, Yellow Hammers Purple Crackles with their noisy youngsters, and Redheaded Woodpeckers; all these and more formed a reception committee and seemed as happy to be back as we were. Little soft brown Chipmunks scampered around us, shy at first, but quickly seeming to realize we were their old friends, they ran up to eat from our hands peanuts we offered them.

After the long exquisite twilight following the late sunset which had been all gold and orange, scarcely able to shake ourselves free from the witchery of it all, we sought our beds soon after dark had fallen, weary from travel but happy and with a warm inner appreciation for the blessed privilege of having this home in the beauty of the Northland. Once again it is summer, again we have come back—come back to this wondrous country where a happy heart learns to drop its burdens and carry away a song. There is no disillusionment, memory did not overdraw it for our winter pictures, to actually behold it once more—the lake with its ever changing lights and shadows, its islands and wooded shoreline, the wild grandeur of it—the birch trees like silver inlaid with gold and jade massive pine trees, straight, tall, upright, pointing ever to the sky-dome above them to the sunshine and starlight, reaching up toward the heights of heaven. No—we need not have feared memory had played us a trick; there is no disappointment upon coming back; it is far more beautiful than our remembrance! Another summer has been given to us to live in and enjoy its beauty—to live and think and dream and work—how well we use it—what may we say of it when it has passed?

God, what a precious gift—another summer!

Grace T. Bradley.

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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education —
Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday, Pro-
gram, Edgewater Beach Hotel. De-
partmental Meetings, Channing Hall.

Men's Forum—Second Monday eve-
nings, Channing Hall.

The Temple Club—Second and fourth
Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

Church Trustees Meeting—Second
Monday evenings.

THE TEMPLE CLUB

The Temple Club held their annual meeting at their last meeting in May. New officers were elected at the meeting. The names and addresses of these will be found on the Directory Page. At the June meeting was held a reception for the retiring officers. The club has had a very successful year and has a splendid program under consideration for next year.

The club held a picnic at Lake Henry on Memorial Day and planned an outing for the Fourth of July. Several events are planned for the summer months: hoping thereby to retain the interest during the vacation Fourth.

MR. DUMONT, President, 725 Wilson Ave.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The program of the Woman's Club drew to a close with the card party June 1st at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. This party was sponsored by the Philanthropic Department to which the proceeds was given to help carry on the summer work. Mrs. Reynolds was a charming chairman and the affair was most enjoyable. There was also an informal afternoon party held in Channing Hall June 22nd. No special summer program will be carried out but from time to time there will be picnics in the Forest Preserves, trips to Rivinia and other outings to suit the weather and the pleasure of those remaining in the city.

The women have worked continuously and loyally all year and everybody is tired! We hope that after the summer's rest and the vacation pleasures we will all come together again with renewed energy, increased interest, loyalty and love for our Church, our pastor, our friendships and our work!

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The Sunday sessions of the school are suspended until the opening of church in the fall. The school has had a very successful year. The teaching staff has been faithful and efficient during the year. The officers have arranged outings and other summer activities for the students. The course of instruction for the winter is now being considered by the teachers. The teaching staff are all experienced and any parent may feel justified in placing their children under the influence of our school. Mr. A. W. Fuchs, the superintendent, 1611 Wilson Avenue, Sunnyside 1324, may be consulted during the summer in regard to plans and enrollment.

THE MEN'S FORUM

Mr. H. R. Dalrymple, president of the Forum, is co-operating with the vice-president, Dr. R. W. Lee, in the building of the program for the coming season. Last year the Forum held some interesting and stimulating meetings. The addresses and discussions were intensely practical and educational. Membership in the Forum is open to the men who are interested in the work of the church. Church membership is not required for membership in the Forum. The Forum secretary, Mr. Newman A. Dumont, will be glad to give information and receive suggestions for the program. The officers are desirous of presenting a program which will merit the support of all the men of the church.

CHURCH NEWS

The annual meeting of the Peoples Church was held in Channing Hall, Monday evening, June 15th. President C. K. Anderson called the meeting to order at 8 o'clock. Channing Hall was well filled with the

members. It was a very representative meeting of the membership. The secretary, Mrs. P. E. Goold, made a very complete report of her activities during the fiscal year. Mrs. Goold is very efficient and thorough in her work and a burst of applause greeted her report. Her report was followed by the report of the treasurer, Mr. Thomas A. Harrison. This report was received with expressions of gratitude by the meeting. Over twenty-five thousand dollars was expended by the church for current expenses during the year. Mr. Thomas Manning, C. P. A. Chairman of the Auditing Committee, made his report, which was supplemented by some wholesome advice to the membership concerning finances. The next order of business was the election of two new members to the Board of Trustees to fill the expired terms of Mr. J. H. Hecht and Mr. H. A. Barreson. Both of these members have served for many years and because of increased business activities did not desire re-election. Mr. E. L. Essley, president of the Essley Manufacturing Company, and Mr. W. M. Stickney, vice-president of Lowell, Hoit and Company, were elected. They have long been identified with the activities of the church. President Anderson then asked for reports from every branch of the church life. Mrs. A. W. Fuchs spoke for the Woman's Club and gave a spirited account of the unprecedented success of the year's work. Mr. Dumont spoke of the splendid year in the Temple Club and Mr. Dienneke represented the Church School of Religious Education.

Dr. Bradley was then called on and in an earnest, serious manner led the meeting into a dedication of energy and will that the coming year may be still better in every branch of the church life.

The Peoples Church closed its most successful and important year. With the building program and its associate problems there must be an interest of all the membership such as never before to assure the growth and future of the work. Harmony prevades the fellowship of hundreds of kindred hearts. Our new church home is the challenge of the year. It calls us all to sacrifice, work and worship. The audiences throughout the year have been almost without exception larger than any previous year. The income of the church was over \$5,000 more and the expenses were more than any previous year. Let every friend and member of the church resolve to co-operate by attendance, contribution, supporting The Liberal and in every possible way be loyal to our beloved church.

G. T. B.

The ministerial activities for the month were as follows: Preached June 1st Shelbyville, Ill., Unitarian Church; June 2nd, lecture on "Arrowsmith," School of Religious Education, Channing Hall; June 4th, High School commencement, Yorkville, Ill.; June 5th, two addresses, High School and banquet, Anderson, Ind.; June 10th, address, Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs, Two Harbors, Minn.; June 11th, commencement address, Eveleth, Minn.; June 14th, preached baccalaureate sermon, Barrington High School; June 17th, commencement address, Gladstone, Mich.; June 18th, commencement address, Escanaba, Mich.; June 19th, commencement address, Manistique, Mich.; June 21st, dedicated Y. M. C. A. camp, Lake George; June 28th, preached twice, Valley City, N. Dak.

* * *

Dr. Bradley preached in the First Unitarian Church of Duluth Sunday, July 12th. On July 19th he preached in the First Church, Duxbury, Mass., and the week of the 19th he gave a series of lectures before the General Conference of Religious Liberals at Star Island, Portsmouth, N. H. Sunday, July 26th, he gave the Alliance sermon at Star Island, N. H. With the exception of these engagements he will spend the summer at his summer home, Arden Lodge, Black Duck Island, Tower, Minn.

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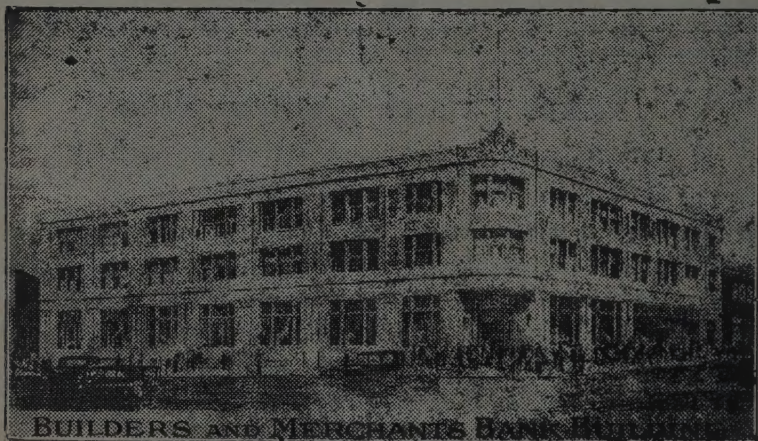
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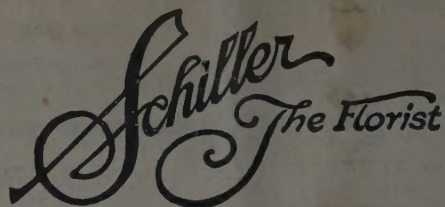
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